

BACONIANA.

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A PROSPECTIVE REVIEW.

“Most poor matters point to most rich ends.”—*Temp.* iii. 1.

HAVING been requested to summarise my own opinions as to the probable outcome of our present investigations and their future effects, I first jot down a few remarks which are to connect these questions with others concerning the true history of Francis Bacon, his aims, work, and methods—points previously touched upon, and now, of necessity, to be lightly passed over. With regard to other matters which I here put forward, I earnestly desire that neither the cause which we have at heart, nor the discoveries of other Baconians, may be discredited by any lame and impotent conclusions to which imagination may jade me.

1. The result which I anticipate is a complete revolution of ideas as to the history of literature during the 15th and 16th centuries; a gradual disappearance of many names from our catalogue of authors, and their reinstalment as editors, revisors, translators, &c.

2. Bacon's vision was of “man, the image of his Maker, restored to the state of goodness and happiness from which he had fallen.” To help towards this restoration, he resolved to “strive with impossibilities, and get the better of them,” for “*nothing is impossible to him who thinks it possible.*” Was he not endowed with all the good gifts of nature? From God they came, and by God's help, to Him they should be rendered. With zeal and endless patience he set about framing a method by which his stupendous designs should be carried out.

3. Bacon's method differed strongly, in one particular, from pre-

vious schemes of philosophy. It was a method capable of *universal* application. Not for the rich and respectable only, but for the poorest and most abject; not for England or English-speaking nations alone, but for all people under heaven, was this great reformation to be undertaken, and the vast machinery of the "new organ" to be set in motion and propelled through the future ages.

4. The times were dark and dangerous, freedom of thought and advance in learning alike suspected and, when possible, suppressed. *Ignorance in those times was widespread.* But these facts are not sufficiently realised, although Bacon verifies them by repeated statements as to the deficiencies in learning. "*Mihi silentio*," he says, "Of myself I am silent;" elsewhere quietly remarking that he has noted no deficiency which he has not endeavoured to supply. The remark is significant when coupled with the saying attributed to Ben Jonson, that "*He alone filled up all numbers, and was the mark and acmè of learning.*"

5. When Bacon was declaring the very stuff and furniture of learning—words, elegant forms of speech, a proper grammar, and all the appendages of writing to be "*deficient*"—when he was regretting the neglect of analogies, similes, metaphors, parables, allegories, and such things as had in former times proved so useful in teaching the "rude and ignorant," and which "*even now*" were needed for the same purpose; at the very time when he was mourning over the degradation of the stage, and urging the noble purposes to which it should be directed; yes, in that very same year, 1623, appeared the *Shakespeare Folio*, teeming with all the points of style which he was pronouncing to be "*deficient*," the deficiencies which he alone, filling up all numbers, had endeavoured to supply. About two-thirds of these plays had then been before the public for nearly thirty years; one-third of them were new. What would Ben Jonson, Chapman, and Middleton, with all the "minor dramatists," have said, had they lived to read Bacon's strictures on the stage of his time? How would Sir Philip Sidney, Spenser, Quarles, and the regiment of emblem writers have felt, had they known his verdict as to the neglect of allegory and parable, emblem and symbolism?

6. Turn from literature to history or science; you will find similar statements by Bacon as to the "deficiencies" in almost every branch

of learning, and at the same time an outpouring of the kinds of works which he pronounced (*of himself being silent*) to be either totally deficient, or so badly constructed as to be useless. How are these things to be accounted for?

7. If we analyse, and resolve into their component elements a mass of works written between the years 1580—1680, we find that in all which have any appearance of being *original*, or which rise above the level of the dullest and flattest prose, there are certain particulars which seem to identify them as the work of Francis Bacon, or to suggest that the illuminating and beautifying touches which raise the book to the rank of “literature” were from his hand. The subject involves hypercriticism of the kind which has been undertaken in several papers in *BACONIANA* and elsewhere. It is unsuited to the present sketch, and I would merely again draw attention to the myriads of Latin words “Englished” by Bacon, the wholesale importation of continental terms which he effected—words and phrases now so completely naturalised that we no longer mark them as foreigners. Many such now “familiar and household terms” were jotted down in his *Promus*, or storehouse, to be drawn forth and used as he found occasion; and surely no further proof is needed that these expressions were not current or common at the time when they were thus collected and recorded. Yet words, expressions, quotations, proverbs, axioms, metaphors, antitheta, and reflections noted in the *Promus*, are found scattered throughout the works which we claim as his; and for my own part, I doubt not that much larger and more perfect collections of notes, *known to be Bacon's*, exist in print under other names, some also in MS., carefully concealed.

By a system of parabolic and figurative language, or “analogies,” Bacon sought to raise earthly minds a few yards nearer heaven, and to bring spiritual ideas to the level of human understandings, thus “mingling earth and heaven.” These “figures in all things” introduced into Bacon's authentic writings, may be collected (as they were strewed) over the whole field of literature, usually termed “Elizabethan and Jacobean,” but which I designate as *Baconian*.

8. Dr. Rawley, in his short life of Francis Bacon, says that he did not derive his knowledge from books only, but from certain *fixed notions within himself*. The faithful secretary speaks of these notions

as fixed in very early life, and admits that he was inclined to regard such gifts as almost supernatural. "*If there were a beam from heaven upon any man it was upon him.*" The "fixed notions" of Francis Bacon are traceable through the whole of contemporary literature.

9. I have said that, conscious of his own powers, Francis was also penetrated by the conviction that he owed all to God, and that only by the help of the Holy Spirit could he fulfil the purpose of his own creation. If the books with which I credit him were truly composed by him, then our descendants will be able to read with new light and deeper sympathy the heart-stirring language in which he pours out his petitions for help from above, and his grateful acknowledgment of the answers vouchsafed.

10. With this deeply religious spirit, it appears to me, the young Red Cross Knight pricked forth to encounter vice, ignorance, and error, and to rescue and defend truth and goodness. Enraptured with the study of Dante, whose lofty poetry and efforts to revive a dying world he sought to emulate, Francis Bacon began, I think, by aiming at the highest, and thought at first to raise the world by means of poetry, to which, in later life, he accorded a place inferior only to the sublimities of religion. He seems to have lived at that time in a seventh heaven of imagination and "heroic enthusiasm," expecting to draw others into the same radiant circle; but he was soon woefully undeceived. Imagination is, indeed, one of God's rarest gifts, little valued even now, or allowed to sun its bright wings, and to flutter amongst the flowers, but caught and pinned down for scientific inspection. Francis must have experienced to the full, the disappointment of being unable to find other minds capable of sympathising, or even willing to try to understand his high thoughts and aspirations. They could not, for they would not.

11. Yet there were exceptions, and manifestly the greatest was "my deere brother Antonie, my comforte" (or, as I think it may be read, "*my consort*"). According to a sheet of verses amongst the Tennyson MSS. (*and carefully omitted from the index*), Anthony Bacon was a poet of high merit, and greatly esteemed *abroad*. Did he translate the works of his more gifted brother into French, Spanish, or Italian, in which he was proficient? Did he procure able pens to do so? Was he a great original poet? We cannot tell, though these

things must be somewhere on record. Doubtless, Anthony cooperated with his brother, and conducted his foreign correspondence on business matters, and public and private intelligence. But of Anthony's life and work we are allowed too little information. His death is almost as obscure as his life, the place of his burial unknown to general history. Everything points to him as one of the most active and important members of Francis Bacon's Secret Society, and it must have been a sad blow when he died in 1601.

12. However much Anthony may have been able to assist and to relieve Francis of the burden of correspondence, it is plain that much more was needed: and early in life the brothers were actively engaged in enlisting recruits of all kinds into their ranks. Here begin the vexed questions as to the connection between Francis Bacon and the Rosicrucians and Freemasons, and their mutual relations.

Since I am merely called upon to explain the results of private research, I pass over the inquiry into the supposed origin of either of these fraternities, concerning which totally different assertions are made with equal decision by equally respectable authorities. For the most part, the assertions put forward seem to me to rely too much upon "authorities," and too little upon personal research and effort to "prove all things." Some seem to be based upon statements which (to say the least) are *ambiguous*, set forth with a show of learning, an insight into antiquarian and mystical knowledge which is impressive, and which hinders the modest reader from further pursuing the question. It has, he thinks, been sifted and settled by men of far greater erudition than himself. What does he know about Arabic or Semitic roots, or about the mysteries of India, Persia, and Egypt? He has been made to feel his ignorance, and bowing to superior learning, gives up the chase.

But when we quietly compare the aforementioned authorities, and the many and striking discrepancies which (whether by intent or ignorance) are to be noted in their statements, we conclude that not one of them is to be absolutely trusted, and renouncing the attempt to follow these high-flown verbiages of occult science, we humbly fall back upon simple matters of history and common-sense.

13. With regard to the supposed antiquity of Masonry, doubtless, there was a guild of religious builders to whom we owe our early archi-

itecture and beautiful cathedrals. Their arts and crafts were secret, and from Egypt and the East they adopted the mystic symbols of which many have been retained to this day. Were these masons or builders prototypes of our modern Freemasons?

Again, there were the Knights Templars, a rude, rough set of men, fanatical in their zeal, but held together for a common religious purpose by the bands of society, with secrets, ceremonies, and vows of their own. The principles which inspired them were hardly those of large minded toleration for the religious opinions of others, and desire that, as Bacon says, religion should enter like a dove, and not by the sword.

Lastly, the mystics, whose elevated thoughts and symbolism are clearly seen glorifying the *Divine Comedy* of Dante, and whose chief emblem was the rose, afterwards adopted by Luther as his coat-of-arms. These religious enthusiasts, devoted as they were to the *Papal* Church, bitter as they were against those whom they branded as heretics, were these the Rosicrucians, contemporary with Bacon, men suspected of sorcery, and of dabbling in alchemy and the black arts abhorrent to that branch of the Church whereof Dante was a stalwart supporter? I think not; and we should try to tune these discords to a concord.

14. When Francis realised how few would encourage or sympathise with his aspirations and efforts, he seems to have mentally compared himself to Icarus striving to reach the sun—his waxen wings melting from his shoulders, and himself fallen to the ground with a sense of deep failure. But faith and hope, and his sanguine genius, came to the rescue. Seeing that, as in the Rosicrucian allegory, few men could ascend “with wings,” he tried “with cords and ladders” to raise them from their pit of darkness and misery. He must begin his work at the bottom rather than at the top, and build from the very foundations.

At this point modern Masonry seems to come in. The house to be built is not yet finished. We still labour to perfect that palace of truth for which Francis Bacon laid great bases for eternity—bases wide as the world, high as the heavens. A short paper on Pyramids in *BACONIANA*, August, 1894, explains that symbol, showing that the base of the Freemason pyramid is capable of including all men under

heaven who can confess belief in God, "the great Architect of the universe." At each fresh step upwards the initiate takes renewed vows, and is further instructed in the simplest elements of morality, and in the precepts of brotherhood and mercy summed up in one of Francis Bacon's favourite texts—"Charity fulfils the law." If Freemasonry in its lower grades often degenerates into mere convivial society, yet it is, on the whole, beneficent; if it sometimes substitutes wild and whirring words and anti-religious principles for the noble freedom of thought and speech for which Bacon strove; yet the men who thus depart from the original intention of the great Builder are men who would probably have no religion and no morality, were it not for the bands of Masonry. These lower degrees seem to be ignorant of their origin, and if they inquire into such matters, are encouraged to believe in some of the contradictory statements set forth in their books.

15. But there is another side to Freemasonry which brings it into closer relation with Francis Bacon and Rosicrucianism. The work of "The Great Restauration" could not be conducted without *co-operation* and by aid of many heads and hands and much wealth. Not only must the great author be relieved of all harassing and disturbing interruptions, money matters, and unnecessary correspondence which so clog and hinder thought, but all mechanical labour of writing, collating, translating, &c., should be as far as possible removed from him. Hence I think the large recruiting into the brotherhood of numbers of men of no great learning or talent, but of moderate wit or intelligence, or of ample means, who could help in such ways, and who, if they took any considerable part in collating, transcribing, editing, or even in paying for the publication of any works, were to claim them for their own; their names were placed on the title-pages, and they were honoured as authors, a system highly conducive to silence and secrecy.

16. Was the true author to be forgotten? By no means. I believe that, apart from any historical records which doubtless exist (somewhere carefully preserved) the NAME and memory of the true author are kept green by methods which would enable the chiefs of the great society which he founded, the true BACON SOCIETY, at any time to reveal our concealed man.

There are in the works which we claim him in each of the early editions some or other of the following particulars:—(1) Certain water-marks, of which see “Francis Bacon and His Secret Society,” pp. 298—367 (and *forward* in this number of “Water-marks”). (2) Certain hieroglyphic designs in the book ornaments, which are *to be explained and interpreted from the works of Bacon and from Freemason works on their own symbolism*. (3) A disguised portrait, in which part of the face (usually the upper half) is the counterpart of Francis Bacon, in rare instances, of Anthony. (4) A feigned biography, wherein characteristics or circumstances connected with Bacon are ingeniously grafted upon the “life” of another. (5) A number of marks, dots, stains, foldings, &c., described in *BACONIANA*, February, 1894, and see *Pall Mall Budget*, May 3rd, 1894 (p. 22). (6) Typography and pagination numbers, wrongly (and evidently with intention) varied, misplaced, marked, and with every indication of being arranged for cipher-writing. Head-lines and catch-words similarly treated. (7) So far as I have been able to examine, there are in the title-pages, and often in other parts of these books, anagrams of the names and titles of Francis Bacon, with the information that he wrote this “treatise,” “discourse,” “play,” “letter,” or whatsoever it may be. Sometimes the printer or publisher, the editor or revisor, are named. (I hope that ere long an article on the subject of these anagrams will be published in *Scribner’s Magazine*.) *All these things continue until the present day*. Modern science and machinery have been brought to bear upon them, so that they are reproduced with greater delicacy, precision, and secrecy, but there is no material change in the method.

17. Since, then, traditions, of which we see the beginnings in the time of Sir Nicholas and his sons, are still being carried out (with or without comprehension of their meaning) by the *Freemason* paper-makers and printers of the present day, I consider that these are the lineal descendants of the “Invisible Brotherhood,” whose “Labours of Vulcan,” or works of experimental science, began with the institution now termed the Royal Society (see *BACONIANA*, vol. i., page 1). The word “*Freemason*” was a mere nickname. John Evelyn, when secretary to the Royal Society, said that the Society might as well have been named “Free Gardeners,” thereby admitting

that their *true*, though not their ostensible object, was, according to the Rosicrucian document, the restoration or "re-formation of the whole wide world," whether by rebuilding the house of wisdom as "masons" or by sowing, grafting, and watering the garden of the soul as free and universal "gardeners."

18. Sir Nicholas Bacon strove, as he said in a Latin pun, to secure the *freedom*, though not the *license*, of the Press. He was cut off in the midst of his work, but his sons ably took it up. Somehow the great paper-mills and printing presses fell into their hands, or under the control of the "Free Gardeners" to whom we owe so much. And so, despite censors and opposition, our great Baconian literature marched forth not in single file, but in battalions of books, destined to remain standard works after a period of three centuries.

19. In the first instance, Francis Bacon had desired to conceal his own share in the mighty work—he was so young! They would have "boyed him out of countenance"; then they would have said that "he glutted the world with his works"; they would have howled down the man who found the world disjoint and tried to set it right—the man who dared to start new ideas without "authority." So he wrote under scores of names, giving the authority of one great name to another. In short, *he quoted himself* as an authority "borrowed from," and "imitated" himself, and thus created a kind of public opinion in support of his new philosophy.

20. To assist private communications, and the transmission of secret records, he invented or perfected shorthand writing, which he found "*deficient*." Ingenious ciphers capable of infinite variations, anagrams, acrostics, ambiguities, and tricks of printing, symbolic language, hieroglyphic and perspective pictures, telegraphy by gestures, motions, &c., completed the equipment of his Invisible Brotherhood. The obscure terminology of alchemy (professing to search for gold, but seeking truth) was successfully used to blind and confuse the ignorant as to the experiments in natural science and the general hunt after knowledge, then being conducted with so much difficulty and danger.

21. Bacon was trying to re-unite the opposed ends of Christendom, rent apart by the theological controversies and animosities of zealots to whom toleration was intolerable, and who were making religion a

byword. In this department, perhaps more than in any other, there was the utmost need of "silent secrecy." A prattling tongue might endanger the lives and liberties of all concerned; and hence, at every fresh stage of initiation, new and appalling oaths were administered under circumstances designed to work upon the nerves as well as upon the consciences of the candidates. But ought these obligations any longer to continue? Ought these delusions and confusions to be kept up? Is it right that our professors should have to teach and our children to learn things which are, and have for centuries been known by a certain small circle to be *untrue*?

22. Francis Bacon cannot possibly have intended by any rules or prohibitions made for his society, to hinder the advance of knowledge. So long as "to be good and honest was not safe," so long as men were so gross and ignorant that they had to be taught in every kind of way, in opposite ways, to see and know the contraries of good and evil, so long as the great author had to keep up interest, and to ventilate his own ideas by a show of controversy, by attacking and refuting himself, and by then replying to his own refutations—so long would it be necessary to maintain secrecy. But this secrecy was not to be interminable. The Rosicrucian Fraternity was ordained to exist for 100 years—that is, to about 1680. By that time Bacon's "cabinet and presses full of MSS." should have been, by the agency of the brotherhood, perused, revised, perchance translated, and finally published. Then, had all gone well, the revelation should have been made. But it was not made.

23. The name of FRANCIS BACON has been studiously kept in the background, or until recently mentioned but with a slur. In histories where he should play an important part he remains behind the curtain. Collections of papers and letters eminently calculated to throw light upon his true life and works, and upon the history of the English Renaissance and the counter-reformation lie in semi-secrecy in our great libraries. Catalogues are found garbled, or *with references omitted*, which tend to reveal him as poet, theologian and mathematician.

What can we think of such things? Of MS. notes in important collections, found to be intentionally false and misleading, of collections in public libraries, concerning water-marks, prints and information on paper-making and printing which precisely end short off, at

the point where Baconian matters begin? These things are not peculiar to any one library or department, institution or office, but common to all alike, where it is possible to hope for accurate information upon any subject which would tend to reveal Francis Bacon and his true work. Or, to take matters more personally concerning him, How shall we reasonably account for the reticence shown with regard to his portraits, authentic or supposed—the absence of plain unvarnished information concerning his medals and bust, his facial cast or mask, and large portraits abroad? Or, again, What do we really know of his private life? How much he travelled, not only abroad, but into many parts of the British Islands? What was the nature of his intimacy with Montaigne, with Fulgentius, and many others whose names appear with a flash, but without the expected rumble in his pages? And of the mystery which encircles our shrine at St. Michael's? Who will say positively, *and prove, when, and where either Anthony or Francis died, and where they were buried?* Three different authorities give each a different account of the death of Lord Verulam. We may therefore doubt all three.

24. I look backward into the abyss of time, and recall with the help of a note-book, my own experiences through years of effort to get at the truth. I think of information flatly refused, of inquiries politely waved away, of letters unanswered, or so answered as to be practically useless, excepting to prove to my own satisfaction that my statements could not be contradicted, or that here was another matter *taboo*. I think of efforts apparently made to hinder the sale or advertisement of Baconian books—of books and collections denied existence, yet ultimately discovered; screened, but ready to hand—of the index of many a book, *concealing* as well as affording information; for instance in Spedding's *Letters and Life and Works of Bacon*, where the index is so contrived as to hinder the ordinary reader from observing any hint of “devices,” “masques,” “revels,” “interludes,” “plays,” and many other things (true clues to the work of his versatile genius), which are included in these volumes. I note also, references to pictures *not to be found*, and pictures or frontispieces with references to some page where nothing concerning them is hinted. I know, too, of catalogues where there are distinct *omissions* (numbered) having important reference to Francis Bacon. I mean, for instance,

there will be in a printed catalogue of MSS., the particulars of contents of, say, No. 173, "very interesting;" and next of 175, with no special comment. No. 173 is by no means interesting, but No. 174, *which has been omitted*, consists of a quantity of verses in praise of Mr. Anthony Bacon and his poetry. Why was this left out? Why was the *Promus* left out of the printed catalogue of the Harleian Collection of MSS.? Why in recent Works on Bacon's Life are the jottings on the outside of the MS. book found amongst the Northumberland papers, totally ignored? There included, in a list of Francis Bacon's minor writings, his "essaies" and speeches, are "speeches for my lord of Leicester," for Sussex and Essex, and the Gray's Inn Revels, showing plainly how Francis Bacon was in the habit of writing for, and putting speeches into the mouths of the great men of the time, *incapable of framing elegant orations for themselves*. There, too, are the names of several plays, including *Richard II.* and *Richard III.*, with others not now extant. These plays have been carefully cut out from the centre of the paper book. Why?

I look upon a letter in which a well-known author disclaims all recollection of a full-page engraving, with comments upon it, in a work of his own, just at that time entering upon its second edition. I read other letters from printers and publishers, to whom I had put very plain and simple questions about particulars in their own productions; they "regret that they are unable to touch upon" the subjects of my inquiries; and so over and over again. To all these riddles and puzzles I can offer but one answer. It is my firm belief that the evasions, prevarications, omissions, and the rest, are the result of a net-work of systems from which the unhappy flies cannot by circumvention deliver themselves. Some would be glad to be able to make truth plain, but they *cannot tell*, and many do not even know why they cannot. Let me say what I think to be the reason. FRANCIS BACON was practically the founder or head-centre of Rosicrucianism or Modern Freemasonry, the capital or central secret being this, that *He alone filled up all numbers. He alone wrote the whole of the great original work published during the Rosicrucian 100 years—that is, between the years 1580 and 1680.*

If these things be untrue, or only partially true, how easy for Freemasonry of high degree to refute, disprove, or correct them! Can

they not be persuaded to do so? Is not the mystery now an anachronism? We who love and live upon the study of Francis Bacon think that we know him, and that it is by some grievous slip or miscarriage of his plans that the world in general knows him so little. We say with Sir Toby Belch, "Wherefore are these things hid? Wherefore have these gifts a curtain before them?"

CONSTANCE M. POTT.

FRANCIS BACON'S DEBTS TO HORACE.

PART I.

THE striking collection of Baconian sentiments and expressions from Tacitus, printed in *BACONIANA*, April and August, 1894, encourage us to offer a somewhat similar group gathered from another of Bacon's favourite authors—Horace. The comparisons being abundant, we suppress the Latin, and merely refer to book, section, and line.

To commence with the Satires, Book I. Here (i. 1—22) we read of man's discontent with his happy lot, and of the wrath of Jove for this ingratitude. "Yet they might be as happy as they could wish. What, then, can prevent Jove from *puffing out his cheeks* against them, and declaring that he will no longer listen to their prayers?"

*"Blow, wind, and crack your cheeks! rage! blow! . . .
You sulphurous and thought-executing fires,
Vaunt couriers to oak-cleaving thunderbolts,
Singe my white head! And thou all-shaking thunder,
Strike flat the thick rotundity o' the world;
Crack nature's moulds, all germens spill at once
That make ingrateful man!" &c.—Lear iii. 2.*

The thunder and lightning point to Jupiter the Thunderer, incensed at "man's ingratitude." The same connection of ideas appears in the preceding act, where Lear anathematizes his "wolfish" daughter:

*"All the stored vengeance of Heaven fall
On her ingrateful top . . .
You nimble lightnings, dart your blinding flames
Into her scornful eyes."*

This Satire goes on to teach that riches do not suffice to make happiness:—

"*You heap up money-bags,*" but live in dread of loss. When attacked by "*a chill*" and painful illness, *your acquaintance and children, boys and girls alike, desert or hate you.* How closely does the modern poet follow the ancient in these particulars.

"If thou art rich, thou'rt poor;
For, like an ass whose back with ingots bows,
Thou bear'st thy heavy riches but a journey,
And death unloads thee. Friend hast thou none,
For thine own bowels, which do call thee sire,
The mere effusion of thy proper loins,
Do curse the gout, the *serpigo*, the rheum,
For ending thee no sooner."—*M. M.* iii. 1.

"*The aim of men's labour and struggle*" is "that they may in the end "retire into ease and security, having collected for themselves a small pittance" (i. 29).

Comp. *Lucrece*, stanzas 20 and 21, which end thus:—

"The aim of all is but to nurse the life
With honour, wealth, and ease in waning age,
And in this aim there is such thwarting strife
That one for all, or all for one, we gage."

In lines 41—100 the uselessness of riches in "a heap piled-up high" is exhibited, and most of the sentiments may be found embedded in Bacon's essays of *Expense* and of *Riches*, and in other places where he touches upon the same topics. In the Plays they are frequent, and summed up in such sayings as this:—

"*Riches fineless, is as poor as winter.*"—*Oth.* iii. 2.

"Then, sir, what is your advice? To live like spendthrift Mænius, or the glutton Momentanus? Not so; *you set contraries against contraries.*"—*Sat.* i. 1, 101.

And says the dramatist:

"How can these contrarieties agree?
That will I show you presently."—*1 Hen.* VI. ii. 3.

Bacon studied to reconcile or counterpoise the contraries of good and evil; how to tune discords to concords, and reduce the world to harmony. The most appalling curse in the Plays is that of Timon against Athens: that

"Piety and fear, religion, peace, justice, truth, domestic awe, night-rest and neighbourhood, instruction, manners, mysteries and trades, degrees, observances, customs and laws, may decline to their confounding contraries, and yet confusion live."—*Tim. Ath.* iv. 1.

But, continues Horace: "*There is a mean in all things, fixed limits beyond which truth and right cannot be found*" (i. 105—107). "It is no mean happiness, therefore, to be seated in the mean" (*Mer. Ven.* i. 2). Bacon enforces this axiom (*De Aug.* viii. 3): "*We must aim at the mean.*" Of the Christian faith he says, that it "holds the *golden mean* touching the use of reason and discussion." Here the figure seems to be from Horace's Ode x., l. 4, bk. 2:

"He who makes the *golden mean* his choice, is free from envy."

In *Sat.* ii. 24 we are reminded that "when fools try to avoid one vice, they fall into its opposite."

"The present pleasure
By revolution lowering, does become
The opposite of itself."—*Ant. Cl.* i. 2.

The line from the Satire is in the *Promus* (1443), where several Shakespeare references are collated; for Bacon's opinion as to the wisdom of "holding a mean between two extremities," of the advantages of "mediocrities and middle ways," and the inconveniences of "Natures which do not know how to keep a mean," are frequently embodied in the Plays.

Horace declares that he jests not on this subject, yet "What prevents one from speaking truth with a laughing face?" Again, we find the line amongst his notes (*Promus*, 1041), and alluded to in the essay, *Of Discourse*: "It is good to mingle jest and earnest." Dumaine, in *Love's Labour's Lost* (ii. 1, 61—76) exemplifies the excellent discourser who can thus discreetly tell truth with a smile, and the fools or jesters of the Plays are full of the same mingled wit and wisdom. In *Hamlet* is an instance of the more bitter mixture: "They do but jest, *poison in jest.*"

"However, let us leave off joking, and turn to serious matters" (i. 24, and *Promus*, 1042). Cassius seems to echo this at a drinking bout, when he says: "Let's have no more of this, let's to our affairs, gentlemen, let's look to our business" (*Oth.* ii. 3), and to the same purpose Cæsar speaks (*Ant. Cl.* ii. 7, 128, &c.).

Sat. iii. 19—27 teaches how easily we note defects in others, which

we discern not in ourselves, regarding our own failings with the dim sight, "as a *blear-eyed man*" might do. The expression seems to be caught up in the repartee between Richard Plantagenet and Somerset (1 *Hen. VI.* ii. 3).

"*Plan.* The truth appears so naked on my side
That any *purblind eye* can find it out.

Som. And on my side it is so well-apparell'd,
So clear, so shining, and so evident,
That it will *glimmer in a blind man's eye.*"

"Self-love is wrong and foolish; we should contemplate our own failings, and be blind to those of our friends, *giving gentle names* to their faults, rather than peering with the eyes of an eagle into their failings, and *naming these as vices.*"

"*Call it not patience, Gaunt, it is despair.*"—*Rich.* II. i. 2.

"For a score of kingdoms you should *wrangle*,
And I would *call it fair play.*"—*Temp.* v. 1.

"Some say he's mad; others *that lesser hate him*
Call it valiant fury."—*Macb.* v. 2.

In the same Satire (l. 106) there is the wise reflection that "Nature cannot separate between right and wrong, as it does between advantages and their opposites, between things to be avoided and things to be desired."

"The violence either of grief or joy
Their own enactures with themselves destroy," &c.—*Ham.* iii. 2.

"Let us teach ourselves that honourable stop,
Not to outdo discretion."—*Oth.* ii. 3.

"As surfeit is the father of much fast,
So every scope, by the immoderate use,
Turns to restraint," &c.—See *M. M.* i. 2.

Most of the leading sentiments in the *Essay of Friendship* are traceable to Horace. The Epicurean doctrine of man's elevation from the condition of a beast by means of his reason, is the subject-matter of *Sat.* iii. 99—124, and forms the opening note in the *Essay of Friendship*, where, however, it is directly quoted from the *Politica* of Aristotle.

"Sift for yourself whether there be not implanted in you any faults of nature or habit; for *in the neglected field grows the brake*, whose end is to be burnt up."—*Sat.* iii. 34.

"Now 'tis the spring, and weeds are shallow rooted;
Suffer them now, and they'll o'errun the garden,
And choke the herbs for want of husbandry."—2 *Hen.* VI. iii. 1.

Iago compares our bodies to gardens in which we can at pleasure set good herbs and root up weeds, for "the power and corrigible authority of this lies in our wills" (*Oth.* i. 3). Perhaps from that line of Horace Bacon drew the expressions, "run through *brakes* of vice" (*M. M.* iii. 1), and "*the rough brake* that virtue must go through" (*Hen.* VIII. i. 2).

Three notes from Horace (*Sat.* iii. 66, 97, 98), connected in the *Promus*, are interesting when studied with reference to *M. M.* ii. 2, 60—80, and 126—131, and with the well-known passage in *Hamlet* beginning: "Is it a custom? Ay, marry is it, a custom more honoured in the breach than the observance."

Bacon notes: "How foolish of us to lay down a rule of conduct which will tell against ourselves, if we come to be judged by it," and adds scraps from lines 96, 98: "Those who hold that all sins are equal are hard pressed when brought to the test of real life; *custom and sense are opposed to it*, and so is expediency which is almost the mother of justice and equity."

These thoughts flash out in the intensity of Hamlet's wrath—thoughts of the "damned custom" which has so brazed the queen's conscience that it is "proof against *sense*"—the sense of what is good and expedient in a matron's conduct. This under-current again rises to the surface when Hamlet entreats his mother, *for expediency's sake*, to "assume a virtue if she have it not;" for "that monster *custom*, who all *sense* doth eat of habit's devil," yet "aptly" (or expediently) puts on the outward livery of decent behaviour.

In *Sat.* iv. Horace describes a rival as "flowing on like a *muddy stream* . . . a *verbose writer*, too lazy to endure the labour of writing correctly." The metaphor is transferred from the works of a man, to a man himself in *Rich.* II. v. 3, where we are shown not only the "muddy passages," but their superabundance.

"O loyal father of a treacherous son!
Thou sheer, immaculate, and silver fountain,
From whence *this stream through muddy passages*
Hath held his current and defiled himself!
Thy overflow of good converts to bad,
And thy abundant goodness shall excuse
This deadly blot in thy digressing son."

Horace professes to believe his own writings to be unpopular. "People fear verses, and hate poets. See, say they, the wisp of hay on his horn. Give him a wide berth." He is comparing the satirist to a "savage bull," as the satirical wit Benedict is described in *Much Ado* v. 4, 40—51. Although the allusion is here ostensibly of another kind, yet with this underlying thought it falls in well with the growing theory that all matters of love and marriage in the Plays have an *arrière-pensée* of the wooing and wedding of truth and beauty. Popular talk, according to Horace, goes on to say that "provided the satirical rogue can extract a laugh for his own advantage, he never spares a friend." (See *Promus*, 1848, for *Shakespeare references*.)

Sat. vi. 15 teaches us not to value mere birth. "Upright lives are the most deserving of honours. *The people . . .* in their folly often honour the most worthless, and are the vain-glorious slaves of fame, *staring awe-struck* at inscriptions and busts."

"*The fool multitude*, that choose by show,
Not learning more than *the fond eye can teach*," &c.—*Mer. Ven.* ii. 8.

"*The distracted multitude*
Who like not in their judgments but *their eyes*."—*Ham.* iv. 2.

In Book II., *Sat.* i. 27, Horace cheerfully points out the vanity of expecting all men to be of the same mind. "*Milonius dances; . . . Castor delights in horses, Pollus in boxing; there are as many tastes as there are men alive.*"

In *Sonnet* xci. the thought is repeated, with the accessories of the horses, and the games of skill or strength.

"Some glory in their birth, some in their skill,
Some in their wealth, some in *their body's force*,
Some in their garments, though new-fangled, ill,
Some in their hawks and hounds, *some in their horse*,
And every humour hath his adjunct pleasure,
Wherein it finds a joy above the rest."—*Sonnet* xci.

Shylock has also somewhat to say on the subject (*Mer. Ven.* iv. 1, 40—62). "Every man has his own humour. There is no firm reason for likings or antipathies. All is a matter of taste and feeling."

Horace also instils the lesson so familiar in the Plays, that men should "study what they most affect." "There is no profit where no pleasure's ta'en." That

"The labour we delight in physics pain."—*Macb.* ii. 3.

"There be some sports are painful, but their labour
Delight in them sets off," &c.—See *Temp.* iii. 1.

"Your interest in (fatiguing sports and exercises) gently beguiles the severity of the toil."—*Sat.* II. ii. 8.

Sat. iii. 13 forms *Promus* entry 34: "Are you proposing to appease envy by abandoning virtue?"

It forms the text of *Coriolanus* iii. 2: "Why do you wish me milder? Would you have me false to my nature?" asks Coriolanus. "Rather say, I play the man I am." His mother replies: "You might have been enough the man you are with striving to be less so." She does not wish her son to appease envy by abandoning virtue, but by using tact. Polonius exhorts Laertes, "To thine own self be true," but he agrees with Volumnia in urging consideration for others.

Sat. iii. 247, 28 exhibits the childish madness of love, subjects abundantly illustrated in *Shakespeare*. The idea of "a man with a beard delighting in riding on a long stick" seems to throw light on the quaint ejaculation in *Hamlet*:—

"For O! the hobby-horse is forgot."

Sat. vii. consists chiefly of a dialogue on the inconsistency of mankind. True slavery consists (it is concluded) not in a man's outward life, but in the state of his mind or will. "Who then is free? He who is wise, a true lord over himself, undaunted by fear of poverty, death, or bonds; he who can govern his passion, and scorn glory, complete like a sphere and perfectly round*; no outward object can rest upon the smooth surface of his mind. Against such a man fortune's assault is broken" (l. 83—89).

"Give me the man
That is not passion's slave, and I will wear him
In my heart's core."—*Ham.* iii. 2.

"Is this the nature
That passion could not shake? Where solid virtue
The shot of accident nor dart of chance
Could neither graze nor pierce—He's much changed."—*Oth.* iv. 2.

The next *Satire* furnishes us with the source of the remark in the

* Comp. *Hamlet's* expression, "Whilst reason holds her seat in this distracted globe."

Essay of Adversity: "Prosperity doth best discover vice, but adversity doth best discover virtue."

A host is like a general; prosperity hides his genius, adversity best discovers it.—*Sat. II. viii. 73.*

So in *Troilus and Cressida* (i. 3) we read of "*protractive trials . . . to find persistive constancy in men. In the reproof of chance lies the true proof of men.* Even so doth valour's show and valour's worth divide in storms of fortune." And Volumnia has in like manner taught her noble son that "Extremity is the trier of the spirits."

In lines 155—175 of the *Ars Poetica* we seem to see the original of the well-known piece in *All's Well* (ii. 7, 185—186), "All the world's a stage, and all the men and women merely players. *First the infant . . . then the school-boy; then the lover . . . then a soldier, bearded, jealous in honour . . . sudden and quick in quarrel, seeking the bubble reputation. . . . Then the justice, severe, formal, the lean and slippered pantaloon. . . . Last scene of all . . . second childishness and mere oblivion.*" Now Horace: "In the stage of life, *first comes the boy* who just knows how to form his words, and to walk steadier. He delights to play with his mates, and on slight causes flies into a passion, is soon appeased, and changes every hour. *Next, the beardless youth*, free from his guardian, delighting in horses and hounds, and the grass of the sunny plain of *Mars*, easily moulded like wax . . . high-spirited, passionate in his desires, quick to change his fancies. *Then comes a change* in a man's spirit, for the temper of middle-age seeks wealth and interest, and is the slave of ambition . . . caution . . . *Last of all*, many discomforts gather round old age. . . . An old man becomes miserly . . . crabbed, querulous, ever-praised the bygone days of his *boyhood.*"

It is needless to cite the endless detached passages in the Plays which reflect the particulars detailed in the *Ars Poetica*, but as to the "*youth easily moulded in wax*" we have him in the *M. N. Dream* i. 1:—

"Your father . . .
To whom you are but as a *form in wax*,
To be by him imprinted, and within his power
To leave the figure, or disfigure it."

Further on (l. 323) we have a passage which throws full light upon what has appeared to some an obscure passage in *Coriolanus* (ii. 1):—

"I can't say your worships have delivered the matter well when I find the *As* in compound with the major part of your syllables."

"The Greeks," says Horace, "had genius . . . they coveted nought but fame. But the Roman boys are taught to divide the *As* by long calculations into a hundred parts. Supposing the son of Albinus says: 'If from five ounces one be subtracted, what remains?' you can answer: 'One-third of an *As*.' 'Good, you will be able to keep your property.' 'If an ounce be added, what does it make?' 'The half of an *As*.' Ah! when this rust of copper, this slavish love of saving money has once imbrued the soul, can we hope for the composition of verses worthy to be anointed with the oil of cedar, or to be preserved in chests of polished cypress?"

The allusion in the Play is therefore to the *avarice*, the "itching palm" of the Romans, as in unfavourable contrast to the noble and unselfish desire for worthy fame. This explanation is more satisfactory than that other which would see in this passage only a poor pun insinuating that the senators are *asses*. Nevertheless the inveterate habit of quibbling, often very useful to Francis Bacon, was such that he could seldom pass by a jest. Hence the secondary allusion is quite possible, and akin to the rest of his "ambiguities."

Lines 153—178 and 315—317 treat of the conduct of the theatre. Here we see hints for Hamlet's speech to the players, and his exhortations to them to hold a mirror up to nature. "I would advise a well-taught mimic to have an eye to the model given by life and manners, and hence to give the air of truth . . . and to each character his proper speech," &c.

Ode XXX., Book III., is remarkable as incorporating the leading thought in some of the *Shakespeare Sonnets*:—

"I have reared a monument more enduring than brass, and higher than the regal structure of the Pyramids; such as neither the wasting rain, nor the raging north wind, nor the endless course of time and the flight of ages, can have power to overthrow."

CH. CH.

(To be concluded in the next number.)

SOME WATER-MARKS OF THE SIXTEENTH AND SEVENTEENTH CENTURIES.

WATER-MARKS are found in most old books, but the use of them seems to have died out during the eighteenth century. The annexed plate shows some examples of the types of water-marks which appeared in the most important books published during the latter part of the sixteenth and throughout the seventeenth century. Prior to this time many various and dissimilar water-marks were in use, but with the increase of learning and the greater output of books which then occurred, the type of marks altered considerably, and in England the pot, the bunch of grapes, and the double candlestick became for a time the predominant emblems, interspersed with the older crowns, shields, and bugles, of which examples are seen on our plate, and succeeded by the foolscap, which is, perhaps, a corruption of still older forms, but which became so predominant as to give the name to a certain class of paper. The three designs first mentioned—namely, the pot, the grapes, and the candlesticks, had, however, in the opening years of the seventeenth century, almost superseded all others in important books; they seem to be characteristic more particularly of books written by Francis Bacon or by his fellow-workers.

No. 1 is from Mercator's Atlas, published at Amsterdam in 1590; the difference in type will be observed.

Nos. 2, 3, 4, and 5 are from the second edition of Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy*, 1624. The initials R. C. appearing in the rude shield with bugle No. 3, may, perhaps, point to some connection with the Rosicrucian Fraternity. In No. 5 are also letters which (if we allow for the battering of the wires which produce the water-mark) may also pass for R. C.

No. 6 is taken from the Frontispiece of the 1631 edition of the *Sylva Sylvarum*. It is a mark of which we have not found another instance.

Nos. 7, 8, and 9 are from the *Resuscitatio* published in 1657.

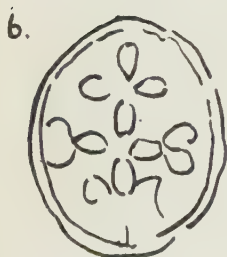
No. 10. The foolscap and the bars of initials 11 to 15 are from Phillips' "World of Words," edition 1679.



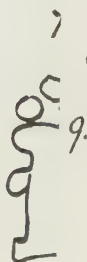
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Amsterdam.



P. 67-68.



Sylva Sylvarum.
1631.

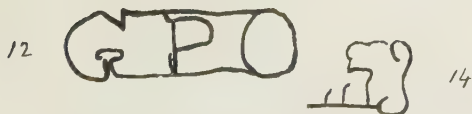


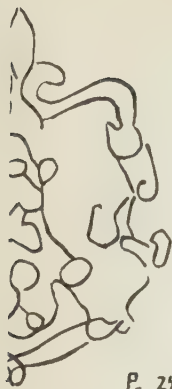
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P. 25-26.

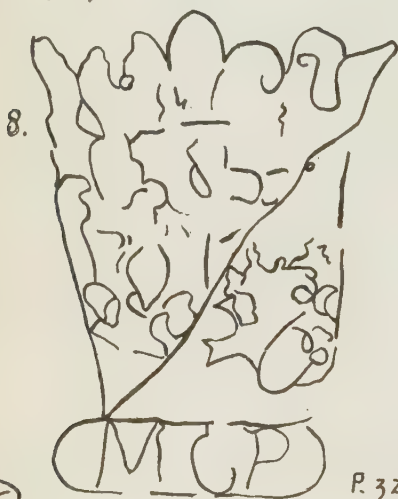


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P. 328.



P. 231.

Recusatio 1657-

1679-

SPOR. 14

15

Our wish is to attract attention to this subject, which may lead, by a careful examination and classification of the water-marks, to the solution of many of the Baconian mysteries.

We would refer anyone who may take an interest in this subject to "Francis Bacon and His Secret Society," where some space is devoted to a description of water-marks, mediæval and Baconian, and where numerous examples are given.

J. TABOR.

LINKS IN THE CHAIN.

UNDER this heading we propose, from time to time, to publish scraps of information bearing upon the life, aims, work, friends, and associates of Francis Bacon—links in the long chain which connects him with everything social, scientific, and literary, in the age of which he was the glory and the shining light, albeit a light hidden under a bushel.

We will try by degrees to compare similar facts recorded of similar individuals; similar objects aimed at or obtained; similar opinions and theories expressed by different authors; similar experiments and discoveries made by or attributed to different philosophers. It will remain for Time, that Great Arbitrator, to decide in which of these instances the same actor or speaker is to be descried—how many of these "Authors" were *Masks*, and *Handers down of the Lamp*; how many genuine and original "Inventors" of the theories and experiments in question.

We earnestly appeal to our readers, in this as in all other inquiries, for help in making observations and records, however slight. Each additional link adds, if not to the strength, yet to the length of our chain, and enables us to embrace a wider circle of facts, truths, and useful suggestions. Since our chief aim is to get at the hidden, private life of Francis Bacon, we will begin with his childhood, boyhood, and youth, taking as our guides some of his closest intimates, whose dicta have never been challenged or refuted.

Dr. Rawley, Bacon's chaplain and private secretary, begins his brief but pregnant life of him by describing his father, Sir Nicholas,

as "a lord of known prudence, sufficiency, moderation, and integrity." His mother, Anne, daughter of Sir Anthony Cook, tutor to Edward VI., was "a choice lady, and eminent for piety, virtue, and learning; being exquisitely skilled, for a woman, in the Greek and Latin tongues. These being the parents, you may easily imagine what the issue was like to be; having had whatsoever nature or breeding could put into him"; words which surely mean that the combined virtues and high powers of mind which by nature Francis derived from his parents, were cultivated to the utmost by his education. But to continue:—

"His *first and childish years* were not without some mark of eminency; at which time he was endued with that pregnancy and towardness of wit, as they *were presages of that deep and universal apprehension* which was manifest in him afterward." The writer then gives a well-known instance of the ready wit of Francis Bacon, in his answer, when only ten years old, to Queen Elizabeth, who asked him his age. "*I am two years younger than your Majesty's happy reign.*"

Hepworth Dixon (who here draws his information from the Lansdowne and Lambeth MSS., from *Athene Cantabrigensis*, ii. 3, 4, and from Mignet's Life of Mary Queen of Scots) adds a further graphic description of the little brothers, Anthony and Francis, "growing up together; both gentle and susceptible in genius; as strong in character as they were frail in health; now sporting in the oak-wood at Gorham-bury, now playing their little parts among the pomps of York House . . . These children lived in the hurry and vicinity of great events. When Anthony was eleven, and Francis nine years old, there opened at York House the famous conferences on Mary's complicity in Darnley's death. . . . Lady Anne felt no compassion for the sinful queen . . . and her younger son, at least, shared her pious and lofty scorn for all the personages concerned in that romantic plot. *We see him in those early years a man among boys*; now playing with the daisies and speedwells, now with the mace and seals; one day cutting posies with the gardener, or crowing after the pigeons . . . the next day paying his pretty compliment to the Queen. . . . Every tale told of him in his childhood wins on the imagination: whether he hunts for the echo in St. James's Park, or eyes the jugglers and

detects their trick, or lips wise words to the Queen, and becomes her 'young Lord Keeper' at ten."

At twelve years old he went to Cambridge with Anthony, and they appear to have lived in the house of Whitgift, then Master of Trinity, and afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury. Three years sufficed to exhaust the supply of learning which Francis rapidly absorbed, and found inadequate to the wants of his great brain. At fifteen he left the University, disappointed or disgusted with the "barrenness" of the learning there imparted; and he seems to have studied in retirement until, at his request, his father sent him "to see the wonders of the world abroad," and to study mankind and the history of the world in foreign countries. "*A hopeful, sensitive, bashful, amiable boy, wise and well-informed for his age, glowing with noble aspirations, dreaming on things to come*": such are the words of his devoted but unemotional biographer, James Spedding. A stronger idea of the impression conveyed to those who knew the mind of Francis Bacon as intimately as his face, is to be seen in the inscription surrounding a miniature portrait of him painted about this time by Hilyard. "*Si tabula daretur digna, animus mallem*" ("If only there could be a canvass fit to paint his mind!").

Dr. Rawley and others speak of Francis having certain "fixed ideas," which accompanied him through life, and "which he derived not from books only, but from some grounds and notions from within himself; and which, notwithstanding, he vented with great caution and circumspection." These notions seem to have become fixed at a very early age; and, if we mistake not, they will be found equally rooted in all the writings of early "Authors" whom we shall have occasion to examine.

With such hints and sketches of this wonderful boy firmly imprinted on our memory, let us collect all the similar hints attainable concerning other precocious, or prodigious, or remarkable and learned boys and youths, of whom we read in the prefaces and "Lives" of authors contemporary with our Francis. And let us observe that in the present day "*clever children are*" (according to the experience of Dr. Stewart, one of the chief School Inspectors) "*decidedly scarce*—not over 5 per cent.; the backward children, 10 per cent.; leaving 85 per cent. . . . to move on together *passibus æquis*." This, in

the days of excellent school-books of all kinds, with teaching brought almost to the highest perfection, commenced and methodically pursued from the earliest days of childhood ! What percentage of boys of marked ability, and of precocious learning, should we reasonably expect to find in the records of three hundred years ago, and when even University teaching was in the unsatisfactory condition described ? We need not hazard an opinion as to the result of such statistics, but will jot down scraps from prefaces and "Lives" attached to works of whose origin the present writer confesses to be more than doubtful. It is hoped that the present notes, if diligently continued and aided by confluent from many sources, may add considerably to the volume of knowledge concerning Francis Bacon and his work.

Sir Philip Sidney.

"We pass by *his infant years shadowed under the veil of innocence*. . . . He was sent to the Universitie. *Here an excellent stock met with the choicest grafts, nor could his tutors pour in so fast as he was ready to receive.*" (Life of Sir P. S., *Arcadia*, 12th Edition, 1662.)

Abraham Cowley.

"Even when I was a very young boy at school, instead of running about on my Holy-daies, and playing with my fellows, I was wont to steal from them, and walk into the fields, either alone with a book, or with one companion, if I could find any of the same temper. . . . That I was then of the same mind as I am now (which I confess, I wonder at myself) may appear in the latter end of an ode, which I made when I was but 13 years old, and which was then printed with many other verses. The beginning of it was boyish, but of this which I here set down (if a very little were corrected), I should hardly now be ashamed. . . . You may see by it, I was even then acquainted with the poets (for the conclusion is taken out of Horace), and perhaps it was the immature and immoderate love of them, which stamp't first, or rather *engraved* these characters in me. They were like letters grown in the bark of a young tree, which with the tree still grow proportionably" (*See Of Myself, Discourses by Way of Essays*, p. 143, Cowley's works).

At the age of 10, *Cowley* wrote a piece entitled, *Pyramus and*

Thisbe ; at the age of 12, one called *Constantia and Phiterus*. There seems to be an occult allusion to the age of the author of "*Davideis*," in a note to the 1706 edition (by Dr. Sprat, president of the Royal Society), to the following line:—

"*A comely youth endowed with wondrous wit.*"

Dr. Sprat notes: "Some would have Solomon to have begun his reign at eleven years old, which is unreasonable. Sir W. Raughley, methinks, convinces that it was in the nineteenth year of his age; at which time it might truly be said by David to Solomon, *Thou art a wise man*, and by Solomon to God, *I am but a young child.*"

[Observe that the Sir W. Raughley, or Raleigh, who here brings in the allusion to the *youthful Solomon*, was a cousin of Dr. William Rawley, Francis Bacon's private secretary and chaplain.]

"His *Davideis*," continues the *Life*, "was wholly written in so young an age, that if we reflect on the vastness of the argument, and his manner of handling it, he may seem like one of the miracles which he there adorns; like a boy attempting Goliath. He finished the greatest part of it when he was yet a young student at Cambridge. His wit was early ripe, and lasting."

Gaspar, or Caspar Barthius, was, according to Bayle, another marvellous boy, "so learned that his childhood was a subject of wonder to men. *He composed several books before he had a beard,*" and "at twelve years old, turned the whole of the *Psalms of David* into Latin verses of every kind. They were printed in the same year, together with other poetry in the same language. The collection of pastoral pieces, satires, sermons, eligies, odes, epigrams, and iambic verses, were printed at Wittenburg in 1607, and include all his poetical pieces written between 13, and 19. For the sixteenth year of his age he wrote a treatise on the best method of reading Latin authors, beginning with Ennuis to the end of the Roman Empire, and continuing them from the decline of the language until the critics of these later times who have rehabilitated the old authors. This composition cost the author only one day of 24 hours, though it is so pithy and full of matter as to show a prodigious amount of reading and discernment." Bayle's revisor adds that Barthius was only eighteen years old when he wrote a Commentary on the *Ceiris* of Virgil, full of valuable learning (printed, Hamburg, 1608).

Michel de Montaigne is another writer who is known almost entirely by his description of himself. Before he was six years old, "I had," he says, "without art, book, grammar, precept, whipping, or the cost of a tear, learned to speak as pure Latin as my master himself. . . . My domestic tutors have often told me, that I had in my infancy that language so very fluent, that they were afraid to enter into discourse with me."

In this marvellous knowledge of Latin, *Montaigne*, we see, shows himself like *Barthius*. His habits as a child he describes in much the same words as *Cowley*:—

"The first thing that gave me any taste for books, was the pleasure that I took in reading Ovid's *Metamorphoses*; and with them I was so taken that, being but seven or eight years old, I would steal away from all other diversions to read them, . . . my tutor . . . allowing me only such time as I could steal from my regular studies."

Sir John Suckling may also be compared with *Montaigne*, for he is described by Mr. Morley, in his "English Literature," as "an over-taught child, who could speak Latin at the age of five."

Richard Crashaw had a taste for Ovid similar to *Montaigne's*, and "in his youth he had a rich vein of poesy, in which appeared somewhat of Ovid's air and fancy" (*Complete Works*, W. B. Turnbull).

William Drummond, of *Hawthorne-Dene*, in his verses, "*Of Himself*," shows a similar precocity:—

"In my first years, and prime not yet at height,
When sweet conceits my wits did entertain
Ere beauty's face I knew, or false delight
I first began to read, then lov'd to write."—*Sonnet i.*

Montaigne says: "At thirteen years I came out of college, having run my whole course, as they call it, and in truth, without any manner of advantage that I can honestly brag of." This is just such a dissatisfied strain as Francis Bacon speaks in, when he laments the barrenness of the "words, words, mere words," which he considered, formed the bulk of collegiate training.

Montaigne shared with the youthful Bacon another pronounced taste:—

"Shall I acquaint you with one faculty of my youth? I had great

assurance of countenance, and flexibility of voice and gesture in apply myself to any part I undertook to act; for *before I had just entered my twelfth year*, I played the chief parts in the Latin tragedies of Buchanan, Guerente, and Muret. . . . I was looked upon as one of the best actors" (*Mont. Ess.* i. 25).

[The Latin tragedies here mentioned should be inquired into.]

Sir Henry Wotton (a cousin of Francis Bacon) is said, when a youth at college, to have written a tragedy for private acting amongst the students. It was "so interwoven with sentences, and for the method so exact in personating those humours, passions, and dispositions, which he proposed to represent, that the gravest declared that he had, in a slight employment, given an early and solid testimony of his future abilities."—*Chalmers*.

Note, that nearly twenty years later, Bacon declared the study of character, the art of composition and diction *to be deficient*, and the theatre utterly degraded. To these strictures he added a quiet, but significant, "*mihi silentio*."

With regard to more serious studies, or higher aims, we may read of the author of a Rosicrucian tract, "Christian Rosencreutz," that he was *a boy, fifteen years of age* (compare of Francis Bacon leaving college—practically an M.A. at the same age).

The anonymous author of the *Fama Fraternitatis* announces that his age was *sixteen*, and that he had travelled (*in books* ?) alone, for one year. He was therefore *fifteen* only, when he began thus to "travel."

Thomas Vaughan, the supposed author of "*Eugenius Philalethes*" (yet another of these communicative autobiographers), says: "I know the world will be ready to *boy me out of countenance for this, because my yeares are few and green*. I want their two crutches, the pretended modern sanctitie, and *that solemnitie of the beard*, which makes up a doctor" (*Anima Magica*).

The last sentence gives a hint of sensitiveness as to the disadvantage which the author laboured under in his extreme youth, and like Caspar Barthius, in the *lack of a beard*. We are reminded of Bacon's "Notes on Beards" as a sign of age, and of the immense use made of those notes in the plays to indicate the dignity, or the want of dignity of "the justice with beard of formal cut," the old men

honoured or mocked at for their grey beards, the weak-minded man with "a little yellow beard," and the fierce one "bearded like the pard"—contrasted with the "beardless boys," and "beardless vain comparatives," "a young having in beard." A short note amongst the early jottings in the *Promus* seems to gather more interest and meaning from such comparisons. We seem to see the boy-philosopher comforting himself with a thought (afterwards put into the mouth of Falstaff) that "all is not in yeares to me; somewhat is in houres well spent."*

In 1592, Bacon wrote thus to his uncle Lord Burghley: "I wax now somewhat ancient; one-and-thirty years is a great deal of sand in the hour-glass." The "houres well-spent" had already told heavily upon him, and we see a reflection of this in the "Holy Guide," attributed to *John Heydon*, another Rosicrucian publisher.

"I writ my *Harmonie of the World*, after much study and travel through books, when the churches were all at discord, and saw many revolutions of kingdoms. . . . *I was twenty when this book was finished, but methinks I have out-lived myself, and begin to be aweary of the sun.*"†

James I. published in 1584, and at the age of nineteen, "The *Essaies* of a Prentise in the Divine Art of Poesie." These essays passed as the work of the royal youth. But note. In 1612, Francis Bacon, in dedicating the 2nd edition of his "Moral Essays" to Henry, Prince of Wales, wrote of them as "breif notes, sett downe rather significantly than curiously, wch I have called *ESSAIES*. The word is late, but the thing is auncient. For Senecæ's epistles to Lucilius, yf one marke them well, are but *essaies*." He does not allude to any "late" or recent essays by his kingly patron, and it will be interesting to examine and decide which of the two invented or introduced that French word, *Essaie*; new in England, and whether, perhaps, those which passed as the work of the king himself were not mainly or wholly written by his Solicitor-General?

There are many other remarkable boys of the period in question, as *D'Aubigné* who displayed an extraordinary capacity of learning at an early age," and "at eight years old translated the *Crito* of Plato;" or

* *Promus*, 152. † "I'gin to be aweary of the sun."—*Macb.* v. 5. "Cassius is aweary of the world."—*Jul. C.* IV. 3, and *Mer. Ven.* I. 2, 1.

George Wither, under whose youthful portrait (with the brow, curl, eyes and nose of Francis Bacon) are lines beginning:—

“ *Loe this is he whose infant muse began
To brave the world, before years styled him MAN;* ”

or *Thomas Lydiat* who, resigning his scholarship in 1603, *spent seven years in publishing the books begun when he was in College*; but we must devote the remaining few lines at our disposal to one whose early life and powers coincide in so many ways with those of Francis Bacon, that we invite especial attention, both to his writings, and to the character of the supposed author.

Joseph Mede, B.D.—In the general preface to the ponderous folio of his “works,” hints are repeatedly thrown out that he was *very young*, and that portions of his book had undergone subsequent revision. “He was unwilling some Latin dissertations written by him in his younger days should be made publick. . . . *Mr. Mede could discern day before others could open their eyes.* . . . The six last discourses . . . made in his younger days . . . are elaborate, and argue his great learning and study . . . *his freedom from vain-gloriousness and affectation* (a disease to which young men are most subject), and that as he knew to discourse learnedly, and prepare strong meat for those that are of full age, so likewise to become weak to those that are weak.”

When not twelve years old, he bought Bellarmine’s Hebrew Grammar, and, in spite of discouragement from his master, “set upon it industriously, and attained no small skill in the Hebrew tongue” before he was fourteen; “these fair blossoms giving an early assurance to his friends of those excellent fruits which he brought forth in the *University of Cambridge*. “I shall not need,” says his historian, “to expatiate in recounting the perfections, whether intellectual accomplishments or moral endowments, conspicuous in him . . . the former . . . eminent and advanced above the ordinary pitch, they being the *effects of excellent natural parts accompanied by an early and unwearied industry, and with a . . . great judgment, and a great memory.* He began *His search after wisdom betimes*, and continued it to the last, from the flower till the grape was ripe, from the budding ingenuities of his youth to the more concocted and mature thoughts of his riper

years. . . . *By many instances it appears what a quick sagacity he had in his younger years, and how his earlier studies were blest with the discovery of such theories as lay deep, and were not obvious to every eye."*

We cannot help comparing the remarks about *Joseph Mede's* parts and endowments, his judgment, great memory, his early search after wisdom, his quick sagacity and penetrative discernment, his dislike to affectation and vain-glory, his perpetual industry, with the similar remarks of Dr. Rawley and of Ben Jonson concerning Francis Bacon:

"There is a commemoration due to his abilities and virtues as to the course of his life. Those abilities which commonly go single in other men, though of prime and observable parts, were all conjoined and met in him. *Those are sharpness of wit, memory, judgment, and elocution.* In the composing of his books he did rather drive at a masculine and clear expression than at any *fineness or affectation of phrases.* . . . *Neither was he given to any light conceits or descanting upon words, but did ever purposely and industriously avoid them.* . . . *He was no dashing man, neither was he one to appropriate the speech wholly, to himself, or delight to outvie others."*

But the "Life" should be carefully read and considered, "chewed and digested," and diligently compared with other "lives" such as have been here indicated.

DR. OWEN'S CIPHER.

THE following are extracts from a long article lately published in the *Detroit Tribune*, and written by an eye-witness and experimenter upon Dr. Owen's Cipher System. Since the particulars here reprinted coincide with other reports contributed by several independent witnesses, and since the description is considered to be the most lucid and satisfactory which has yet appeared, we consider it only just to draw attention to it. An article on the subject specially written for this Magazine by another eye-witness and decipherer has, unfortunately, been delayed, and cannot reach us in time for publication in April. We hope to insert it in the June number:—

THE MYSTERY OF THE BACON CIPHER.—DR. O. W. OWEN'S
DISCOVERY INVESTIGATED.

“And now that the entrance to the secret has been found out,
The world will wonder how it could miss it so long.”—BACON.

What is a cipher ?

It is an internal story, told by external words, letters, marks or hieroglyphics.

“Sir Francis Bacon's Cipher Story, as Discovered by Dr. Orville W. Owen,” is deciphered by words, and is one of the most remarkable literary productions of the world. So astounding, indeed, is it that it is not strange that those who have had neither desire nor opportunity to investigate the matter thoughtfully, should have condemned it off-hand. Yet, secret modes of communication have been in use from earliest times. Ciphers are used by governments for sending secret dispatches, and in times of war especially, have proven of incalculable value. It is, in fact, if the reader will stop and consider, the most natural and yet the safest manner in which these histories could have been concealed, and thus transmitted to coming generations.

The Bacon cipher, as discovered by Dr. Owen, consists, I find, of a series of (1) guide words. Around these guide words are clustered (2) key words, and these key words again have (3) concordant words, both single and double. The (4) sentences containing the guides, keywords, and concordants are (5) collected together, by (6) system, when it is found that the new story unrolls itself with hardly a hitch. Nothing needs to be added or taken therefrom. It is all necessary to the complete narrative.

However, the most satisfying knowledge is that obtained by working out the results one's self, and, having conquered the cipher and made actual applications of it, I will endeavour to relate how it is done, in as concise and comprehensive a manner as possible. But first let us look a little into what this discovery signifies.

WHAT THE CIPHER REVEALS.

The cipher reveals the fact that all the works of William Shakespeare, Robert Greene, George Peel, Christopher Marlowe's stage plays, the “Fairy Queen,” “Shepherd's Calendar”; and all the

works of Edmund Spencer; the "Anatomy of Melancholy" of Burton; Bacon's "History of Henry VII.," the "Natural History," the "Interpretation of Nature," the "Great Instauration," the "Advancement of Learning," the "De Augmentis," "Essays," and all his other works were actually written by Sir Francis Bacon only, he using the other names as masks to conceal his own identity.

HOW TO WORK THE CIPHER.

The first time I talked with Dr. Owen concerning the cipher he gave me a few rapid instructions regarding the "wheel," and then placed in my hands the first published volume which was worked out by the cipher, telling me to read carefully the "Letter to the Decipherer," after which I might come to the office and make application of the directions therein given, which suggestion I acted upon as before stated. Upon page 3 I found the following:—

"Take your knife and cut all our books asunder,
And set the leaves on a great firm wheel
Which rolls and rolls, and turning the
Fickle rolling wheel, throw your eyes
Upon FORTUNE, that goddess blind, that stands upon
A spherical stone, that turning and incessant rolls
In restless variation.
Mark her the prime mover:
She is our first guide."

This advice has been literally acted upon. An immense wheel has been constructed, consisting of two reels, on which is rolled a great stretch of cloth, 1,000 feet long and over two feet wide. The arrangement is so simple that by turning the reel in one direction for a time the entire 1,000 feet of canvas come under the eye, and by reversing the motion all passes back again in the other direction. Upon this stretch of cloth are pasted the printed pages of all the works of all the supposed authors above mentioned. A more simple or convenient arrangement for examining a great number of pages in a short time could not be devised.

THE KEY WORDS.

The "Letter to the Decipherer" now goes on to add to "the first great guide"—Fortune—four others, Nature, Honour, Reputation, and Pan, the god of nature. The next act of Dr. Owen after pasting

all the works upon the wheel, was to carefully scan them, every word, and with coloured pencils to mark these guide words every time they occurred, which of itself was no small task, the first four words being repeated 10,641 times by actual count.

Let it now be borne in mind that these five words are not keys to the hidden stories, but guides whereby to find the key words. And around every guide clusters these keys. They are repeated over and over, so plainly and definitely that the earnest seeker cannot fail to find them. The next thing done is to pencil around every sentence containing the guide word being used, thus enclosing the keys as well, and these sentences are now read from the wheel to an operator, who typewrites them upon sheets of paper. At the head of every page thus written is placed the key word, or words, of the sentences, thus avoiding all confusion when the papers come to be sorted.

I find to be absolutely true the instructions given in the "Letter to the Decipherer" on page 8 of the first volume:—

"And, sir, though far and wide the secret thread
Of these rules seem scattered,
This distribution ceases if you
To one place carry all the words of your cue.
Then may you see the great flood
Or confluence of materials carries along with it
The key of every story for the instruction
Of the decipherer."

The sorting of the papers means placing in piles by themselves all pages containing the same key words, thus bringing to one place all the words of the cue, or all that relates to the story to be deciphered from these especial sentences or paragraphs:—

"And sifting it as faithful secretaries and clerks
In the courts of kings, set to work with diligence and
Judgment, and sort into different boxes, connaturals,
Concerning matter of state, and when he has
Attentively sorted it, from the beginning to the end,
And united and collected the dispersed and distributed
Matter, which is mingled up and down in combination,
It will be easy to make a translation of it."

CONCORDANT WORDS.

Dr. Owen worked and delved for nearly eight years before he discovered how to decipher the hidden stories. But for me, under his instructions, the task was a comparatively easy one. It is also a

fascinating, though complicated one, for I soon found that not by key words alone could the stories be deciphered, but that about the keys again cluster concordant words, designed to help the searcher on his way, and leading him on and on into almost illimitable mazes of connecting sentences, which, though collected from perhaps scores of places in half-a-dozen different works,

“Scattered wider than the sky or earth,”

still, by this rule, bringing out hidden histories and astounding revelations.

I will give an example of these concordant words. Let us suppose that the key words are “love” and “king.” We must not look for “love” and “king” only, by which to be guided, but for all synonymous words. For “love’s” synonyms we find “devotion,” “adore,” “adoration,” etc. For “king” we follow such words relating to royalty as “majesty,” “highness,” “kingdom,” “court,” etc. As long as sentences containing a repetition of these words are found the student may safely continue to walk along the outlined path, gathering the story as he goes. If, however, a paragraph contains the keys, and yet refuses to “make sense,” turn it how you may—in fact, seems superfluous—it should be put aside for the time being, and by-and-bye a gap will be found into which it fits with astonishing exactness.

WHEN THERE ARE COMPLICATIONS.

Occasionally there comes a disconnection in the story. Something is missing; it does not read smoothly. In taking the matter from the wheel a passage has been overlooked, or in sorting the papers one has been placed in the wrong box.

Now comes a hunt. A whole day has been given to the finding of a single line or paragraph. But it is there somewhere, and simply must be found. Then is the time when, as Dr. Owen expresses it, “my hair stands up on end,” and the brain fairly reels with the immensity of complications which might arise from one small oversight.

Sometimes passages intrude themselves which do not contain the key being used, and which actually have no bearing on the story in progress. Simply leave these over, reserving them for future use.

They belong to some other story, and will fall into place in good time. Nothing will be lost. Again a sentence reads in a vague or unnatural manner. In this case the decipherer is plainly instructed to transpose it, when the true meaning is revealed at once:—

“Therefore let your own discretion be your tutor,
And suit the action to the word, and the word to the action,
With this especial observance that you match
Conjugates, parallels and relatives by placing
Instances which are related, one to another,
By themselves; and all concordances
Which have a correspondence and analogy
With each other should be commingled with the connaturals.”

The above is from *Hamlet, Novum Organum, Aphorisms, and Advancement of Learning*. For the first time it is brought together in the “Letter to the Decipherer,” on page 8. This is a good example of the way the sentences are scattered. On page 21 are also found these lines:—

“Some of the story
Has more feet than the verses would bear,
And you must exercise your own judgment;
And give it smoothness when it lamely halts.”

PROPER NAMES.

Reference is made to compound words, and the question is asked: “What mean you, sir, by compound words?” And the answer is given:—

“No one can be so dull as to believe
That we would set the whole name of any man
Open among the subject matter.
That certainly would be childish in the highest degree.
On the contrary, though, the names are set
So frequent, you must understand the device,
(And our device, I think, will outstrip all praise)
Before you can discover how we overcome the difficulty
We use the simple and safe plan of consort.
The similarity of word with word
Contributes to save the whole from discovery.
However, we will show you how, for the speedy
And perfect attaining of names, to fit the words.
And if you know how one is obtained,
You know how all are coupled.
So please take our on-hers, and we’ll strive
To let you understand the method that you must employ
In unravelling and unlocking the double words.”

I quote an example of a name hidden on page 142 of the 1623 edition of Shakespeare. It is a part of *Love’s Labour Lost*, where

the company of counterfeit actors play before the queen. Read the passage of wit between them and the spectators, see how one of the auditors compounded the name of one of the actors:—

“Therefore, as he is an asse, let him go;
And so adieu, sweet Jude. Nay, why dost thou stay?’
‘For the latter end of his name.’
‘For the asse to the Jude; give it him, Jud-as away.’”

PARALLEL SENTENCES.

Here may be given an illustration of parallel sentences taken from seemingly widely different sources, yet mingling like the fragrance of the very flowers described:—

“O’er-embellished with knaps and flowers of all kinds
Cut in pure gold, pomegranets, lavender, mint, savory,
Marjoram, marigold, gillivors, maidenheads, carnations,
Lilies (the flower-d-luce being one), columbines, pinks,
Honeysuckles, roses, sweet satirium, poppies, wild thyme,
Bean flowers, daisies, anemones, tulips, hyacinth-orientals,
Perrywinkles, bullices and virgin branches of the almond, etc.”

This description of flowers and trees covers nearly all of page 39 of the “Letter to the Decipherer.” Anyone who will look upon page 292, act IV., scene 4, *Winter’s Tale*, and the “Essay on Gardens,” by Bacon, will at once see where all the flowers mentioned were taken from. In other words, the parallels, concordances and similar matter.

FINDING THE COMMENCEMENT OF A HIDDEN STORY.

“How does the decipherer know where a story begins?”

This is as plain as anything can be. Having collected the material for the story, by means of the guides and keys, I find that somewhere among the passages the eye is startled with words like these: “Begin here,” “We will commence here,” “We will now commence,” etc. Could anything be more definite? A good example of this is found in Shakespeare’s *Life and Death of King John*, act I., scene 1:—

“My Dear Sir:
Thus leaning on my elbow I begin the letter,” etc.

The question of knowing what the next story will be, when one is completed, seems an important one, but I find that Bacon has inserted the title of the one to follow, very plainly, at or near the close of each story. At the close of the “Letter to the Decipherer,” he tells in

plain English, "The next letter is the author's 'Epistle Dedicatory.'"
At the close of the "Epistle" I find:—

"The next letter that followeth is the 'Description
Of the Queen, the General Curse, and the Story of Our Life,'
Which, the instant you begin, will bring forth secret
And original narratives woven into a continuous history."

PICKING OUT THE KEYS.

Following this naturally comes the question, "How find the keys for stories?" These, too, are at the close of each story, being one or more words of significance, strong enough to attract attention. As soon as the passages containing the key or keys are collected, and the student begins work, it is almost startling to discover the numerous keys that cluster around the one or two that lead, and concordant words sometimes almost countless.

"We have enclosed our name without regard to safety, in the different texts," says Bacon in his letter to the decipherer, "in such capital letters that, as the prophet saith, 'He that runneth by may read.' And if you have digested a sufficient number of our books no doubt the first point you found was our name." This astonishing statement is literally true. Any one who will search the 1623 edition of Shakespeare, and the other works mentioned, will find Bacon's name appearing frequently, and in capital letters, as in Shakespeare's *Henry IV.*, "I have a gammon of BACON," or in Peele's "Old Wife's Tale," "My grandmother was a gammon of BACON." And yet Bacon often warns the decipherer concerning the danger attendant upon its discovery. He says:—

"For my good lord, in this secret way
We enfold a dangerous chronicle, and by starts
Unclasp a secret book to your quick conceiving,
And read you matter deep and dangerous."

"Swear never to publish that we conceal under the names
Of others our own, till we are dead."

Notwithstanding the intricacy of the cipher, Bacon alludes to the ease with which it may be worked if the rules are strictly followed. "You will not fail, if to the work you give time enough," he says, "for it is translated so easy it is almost mechanical." This is my experience, for the key-words to the hidden stories are

" Interspersed in sufficient quantities to allow
 The correspondence to be revealed so clearly
 That any purblind eye may find them out.
 They are so clear, so shining, so naked, and so evident,
 That they will, in the full course of their glory,
 Glimmer through a blind man's eye."

Bacon does not assert that every many can plunge into the labyrinth and find his way safely out again unscathed. He even tells the would-be decipherer:—

" Yet you may not be
 Capable of detecting the ciphers. Many a man
 Promises to himself more than he can perform,
 And it is impossible to discover the subtlety of the work
 Unless he that works loves it."

AS TO CHANCE.

" Does every story continue through all of the works used ? " was the question I asked. The answer was, " Yes, and no." That is, if the facts of the story or history were not complete until the whole number of books had been written, portions of it were concealed in all. But the narration of some events came to an end prior to the publication of Bacon's later works. Consequently it would be useless to search for more after all had been given. For example, if a person is dead his history is ended, and the world cannot consistently expect any more from him.

Upon page 28 the decipherer says to Bacon concerning the deciphered stories:—

" But may they not say it is chance that doth this ? "

The answer is:—

" We thought of that ; and if any man conceive
 That it is done without system or common
 Center, let him proceed to form a history,
 And neglect the guides. He cannot go through with it
 To its completion, for if a man runs the wrong way,
 The more active and swift he is, the further will
 He go astray ; for the lame man that takes the right road
 Outstrips the runner that takes the wrong."

And so the cipher stories are worked out:—

" As many arrows loosed several ways come to one mark ;
 As many winding ways meet in one town ;
 As many fresh streams meet in one salt sea ;
 As many straight lines close in a dial's center,
 Then so may a thousand ciphers, once afoot,
 And in one purpose be all well borne."

The ridiculous idea that the cipher stories are emanations from Dr. Owen's own brain is not abroad in the land as much as it was a year ago. Too many conclusive proofs abound, one of the most convincing being the fact that the fifth volume of the Cipher series, containing the continuation of "Sir Francis Bacon's Life at the Court of France," has been deciphered entirely by Dr. Owen's assistants, he having had nothing whatever to do with it, and yet it continues as smoothly as could be desired.

To me the continued patience and perseverance of Dr. Owen in this work is almost as wonderful as the discovery of the cipher.

"This work need not stop if I should stop," said the doctor. "If I should die to-night, my assistants could go right on with the decipherings. If one of them should die, or for any other reason leave the work, I should have some one else learn it. Thus it would continue right on."

The learning and applying of the Baconian cipher has thoroughly convinced me of its genuineness. The rules governing it are positive, though flexible. The stories told are connected and concise, for the period in which they were written, and cannot be twisted into other than the designed conclusion. While no two decipherers might tell the story in exactly the same way, still there would be no conflict of facts. It is a true cipher.

P. J. SHERMAN.

DID FRANCIS BACON FILL UP ALL NUMBERS?

Arcadia, Anatomy of Melancholy, Ben Jonson, Holy Living and Dying.

PART II.

MANY small "Forms and Elegancies" entered in the *Promus* are so frequent in the four groups of writings under consideration, that "*passim*" might be written after each. We do not attempt an exhaustive research, which would doubtless disclose many more examples than we are able to offer. The present object is to draw attention and to give suggestive hints which anyone engaged in serious study may follow and find useful, and we will simply set down in some kind of order the resemblances or identities of expression and diction which have been found lying on the surface.

To begin with the use of *Promus* notes, here are upwards of 30 small forms of expression which are common to *Arcadia*, "*Ben Jonson*," *The Anatomy*, and *Holy Living and Dying*. In the *Promus* some of these are entered twice.

<i>Promus</i> 195. What do you conclude?	<i>Promus</i> 293. You have.
Comp. 203. Let me make an end, &c.	" 294. Well.
" 197. Repeat your reason.	" 295. The mean the tyme.
Comp. 1386. Your reason.	" 302. I find that strange.
" 205. You speak colourably.	" 303. Not unlike.
" 207. I will warrant you.	" 315. The cause is clear.
" 273. For the rest.	" 317. Well remembered.
" 274. Is it possible?	" 318. I arrest you thear. (<i>Of Speech and Argument.</i>)
" 275. Not the lesse.	" 323. That is just nothing.
" 281. Incident. (In the <i>Anatomy</i> , " <i>Maladies incident to young woman</i> "; in <i>Winter's Tale</i> iv. 3, " <i>A malady most incident to maids.</i> ")	" 324 & 1371. Peradventure.
" 287. You put me in mynd.	" 506. Never a whit.
" 289. I demand.	" 1374. Much less.
" 290. I distinguish.	" 1376. Furnyshed if so you be. (Furnished with learning, wit, &c.)
" 291. A matter not in question. (Sometimes, " <i>A matter not to the purpose</i> ," or " <i>the point.</i> ")	" 1378. The rather.
" 292. Few woordes need.	" 1379. To the end, saving that, whereas.
	" 1380. In contemplation, in consideration
	" 1383. For this time.
	" 1392. A proper young man.
	" 1405. O my L. Sr. (O my Lord Sir.)
	" 1416. Delivered, unwrapped.

Besides these notes, which seem to be common to all, there are many which appear more particularly in one or other of these books; for instance, in *Arcadia* we find allusions to the vinegar of sweet wine (*Pr.* 571 and 910)—that is, to sweetsours and soursweets. Great efforts are described as rowing "with sailes and oares" (718). The eye is shown to be "the gate of the affection, but the ear of the understanding" (1,137). Of hating that which we love, and loving that which we hate (983). Of the contraries of good and evil (1,249, 1,441, 1,442). Of champing the bit, or fretting with impatience (810, 810*a*). Of blushing and turning pale, red and white (907). Of alarums (1,225). Of beginnings and endings (950, 1,354), &c., with some *Promus* proverbs:—To set up a candle to the devil (635).

To blow the coal (637). To hold a lanthorne to the sun (688). To look one way and row another (90). The art of forgetting (1,163). A cloke for the rayne (665). To smell of the lamp (739). To stumble at the threshold (751). To knit a rope of sand (778). To have the hook dangling, set a bait (758). To lean on a staff of reed (774). To be a mere cypher (729). To sow labour (784). Men as busybodies, troublesome flies (838). Hope a walking man's dream (1,283). Neutrality (1,312). To plough the winds (787). Chameleon Proteus [Euripus is in *Anatomy of Melancholy*] (794). To weave out of himself like a spider (797a). Of to-morrow and postponement (808). Areopagita (816). Eat not the heart (817). Cream of nectar (818). Fire to oil (824), together with many others, which need context in order to display their origin. It is observable that other works attributed to "Sir Philip Sidney" contribute largely to a list of similar examples.

To turn to *Ben Jonson*. All the small forms noted above are repeated, with others not yet found, in the *Arcadia*: What else (307, 1,400). Well remembered (817). Amen (1,221). O my L. Sr. (1,405). Real (461). A stone without a foil (89), &c.

Amongst the more striking sentences we notice Horace's saying (in the original Latin), that "when fools avoid faults they fall into the opposite extreme" (1,443). Some of the *Adagia* of Erasmus: "To hold a wolf by the ears" (829). More tractable than wax (832). Older than chaos (802). Eat not thy heart (817). Cream of nectar (818). Circe's cup (397). And the note which is used with such effect by Hamlet to the king's messenger come, he thinks, to sound the heart of his mystery—An instrument in tunyng (355). "*You may fret me, but you cannot play upon me*" (see also *Pericles* i. 1, 81—85).

In *Every man out of his humour* (*Prologue*) we read: "They might well think he'd be out of tune, yet you'd play upon him too." The same connection of ideas occurs later in the same play (iii. 9): "The accustomed sharpness of your ingenuity, sweet mistress, to — Mass, your viol's new strung . . . it is miserably out of tune . . . it makes good harmonie with her wit. I have wished myself to be that instrument."

. In the *Anatomy* such allusions are far more frequent, and more

often quoted *verbatim* from the Latin originals:—*Prosperum et felix scelus virtus vocatur* (32). *Faber quisque fortunæ suæ* (357. Comp. Cæsar, "A skilful architect of his own fortunes," *Ess. Jul. Cæsar*, and the same in *De Aug.* VIII. 2). *Actum agere* (788, to do the deed done). *Clavum clavo pellere* (889), with one nail to drive out another. *Dat veniam corvis vexat censura Columbas* (41), and translated from the *Homo homini deus* of Erasmus, A.D. 47, the sentiment that Man is the God of man.

In the *Holy Living and Dying* the Latin originals are translated, or only alluded to, for that book was intended to be used by the simple as well as the learned; the minor forms found to characterise Bacon's writings are here, as in the other works, scattered about. But there are, according to the nature of the work, more allusions to death, its "cold and icy images" (1,204); to the short span of life which forbids us to make long expectations (1,284 and 1,511); to the events of to-morrow (808); the vanity of hope (1,117, 1,280*a*, 1,285, 1,288); yet its advantages and comfort (561); its reasonableness (1,104), especially when directed towards a future life (1,281).

Perhaps it is not too much to say that to all such particulars in the treatise striking analogies can be produced in the *Anatomy* and in Bacon's Essays, Meditations, and Plays. We regret to pass in so perfunctory a manner over these curious and interesting matters, but must go forward.

Turning to *tricks of style* held to be characteristic of Bacon and Shakespeare, we find these to be commonest in the earlier works, or it may rather be said, we find these *to indicate early work*. For instance, *alliterations*; in *Arcadia* hardly a page is without them:—

"That sight increased their compassion, and compassion called up their care. . . . The board seemed to be but a bier; . . . he gave a great groan."—*Ib.* i. 3.

"Fitting to his *dolor dolorous discourses* . . . stored with sheep feeding in sober security. . . . I pray you, said Musidorus, first unsealing his long-silent lips with sight of fear, from friends to frimbed do fly. . . . And, therefore, finding force more faint to be, did hold her fast for fear of more disgrace."—*Ib.* 88.

"When merrie May first early calls the morn,
With merrie maids a Maying they do go."—*Ib.* 84.

This trick is less frequent with "Ben Jonson," yet still a trick.

"Heaven's horrid thunders! . . . Such crimes as these that will not smell of sin . . . that sets the stronger seal on his desert. . . . I can discern no such necessity" (*Every Man Out*: 1st Prologue). "Sorry, sour, serious" (*Cynthia Epil.*).

"Slaughter bestrid the streets and stretched himself to seem more huge, . . . more sleek'd, more soft, more slacket limbed . . . say the sun is ris'n . . . mark me more" (*Cat.* i. 1). "Fill up roomes in fair and formall shapes" (*Poetaster*, Prol. 1). "Crooked sickles crop the ripened eare; earth and seas in fire and flames shall frie; cups full flowing from the muses well, frost-fearing myrtle" (*Poetaster* i. 1). "I feel defects in every faculty" (*Ib.* iii. 5).

"Not without wonder nor without delight . . . this work of wit . . . O front! O face! O all celestiall . . . more than mortal . . . humble in his height, stands fixed silent in thy glorious sight" (*Cynth.* v. 8).

So also in the *Anatomy of Melancholy*:—"A barking dog that bawls but seldom bites. . . . God's mercy may come betwixt the bridge and the brook. . . . Columella commends in conclusion. Correct the obliquity or crookedness. . . . All objects, causes, companies, occasions. . . . Circe's cup cannot so enchant. . . . Stay those tempestuous affections. . . . Subtle spirits sparkling. . . . Fairer than any flower; . . . the flower of my fortunes; . . . thy flower doth not fade. . . . I see two glorious suns, Hesperus and thyself; . . . 'tis the same strain that Theagines used. . . . Stars, sun, moons, metals, sweet-smelling flowers, &c."

The excess of this trick of style disappears in *Holy Living and Dying*, yet the musical ear, and the sense of the pleasing or hard effect of certain "concurring consonants" is still perceived to be a matter of study, especially in the prayers.

"Careful and inquisitive; . . . diligent to perform it and to persevere in the practises; . . . let thy mercy pardon my sins, thy providence secure me from punishment . . . make me in malice to be a child; . . . (let) thy staffe support me in all sufferings; . . . sharp sicknesses; . . . sudden surprises; . . . manifestation of thy miraculous mercy; . . . no pleasure or pain; . . . religion resolute; . . .

peaceable and pious; . . . competency according to my condition, contentedness. . . . Let no deed of darkness overtake me; . . . no need of the sun, neither of the moon, to shine, seeing then that all these things shall be. . . . Let the sick man in the scrutiny of his conscience and confession of his sins be carefully reminded to consider those sins which are condemned in the court of conscience; . . . freedom from sins and fruition of God; . . . their infirmities and the follies of their flesh; . . . supported with thy graciousness, absolved by thy sentence, saved by thy mercy."

Sequences or strings of words prevail less in *Arcadia* than in the other works where *method* is in a more advanced state; yet the tendency is perceptible, especially in the verses. The early works, diffuse and wordy, intersperse epithets and conjunctions which interrupt the sequences—"a heart of courtesie, an eloquence as sweet as slow, a behaviour so noble as gave a majesty" (instead of "a heart of courtesie, eloquence, nobility, majesty"); yet we come farther on to strings of words, such as, "Gratefulness, sweetness, holy love, hearty regard . . . spite, rage, disdain, shame, revenge." "Virtue, beauty, and speech did strike, wound charm, my heart, eyes, ears, with wonder, love, delight," and so on through fourteen lines of a sonnet.

"Ben Jonson" abounds in such chains of words, often hooking several together like Shakespeare, and perhaps for like purposes of cipher:—"These same abominable, vile, rascally verses"; "most peremptory, beautiful, and gentleman-like"; "rough, unpolished, harsh, and rude"; "Rheums raw humours, crudities, obstructions, the mal-caduce, cramps, convulsions, paralysies, epilepsies, &c., &c.

In the *Anatomy* these sequences are still more frequent. "They are still fretting, chafing, sighing, grieving, complaining, finding faults, repining, grudging, weeping; . . . things past, present, or to come, the remembrance of some loss, injury, abuses, . . . irresolution, inconstancy, vanity of mind, fear, torture, care, jealousy, suspicion," &c., &c.

Lastly, in *Holy Living and Dying* still the same "characteristic," but modified to form part of a fine style, rather than used as a trick. "Healthless, chargeable, and useless; idle, disemployed, and curious persons; the action sinful, unprofitable, or vain; acting his revenge

or lust, or rapine; talkative and lying, rash and malicious, false and flattering, irreligious and irreverent, detracting, and censorious, &c.; simplicity and modesty, humility and chastity, patience and charity, &c., &c.

With regard to the use of coined and compound words, there seems to be little to choose between the first three of our books, which all show, as it were, experiments in the introduction of new words; the subject is too large, and, as Bacon might say, too "*vermicular*" to be treated of in this place. Old country terms abound, as might be expected, in *Arcadia*, and familiar and household terms in "*Ben Jonson*." But both kinds are almost equally abundant in the *Anatomy*, where we find such expressions as *to egg on*, *to moil and toil*, *a gallimaufry*, *a mope*, *a noddy*, *a stark noddy*, *a brangling knave*, *a dizzard*—*to hone*, *to carle*, *to slick*, *to slubber*, *to smug up*, *to grim*, *to flier*, *to cocker*, *a swasher*, *a scrub*, and these mixed up most Baconianly with learned terms of art, medical and legal, and as in all these books with words such as—*adieu*, *aimable*, *ambage*, *ambuscado attaque*, *bruit*, *bastinado*, *bravado*, *bravo*, *caveto*, *caviare*, *cecchine*, *cheveril*, *concombere*, *debonaire*, *demand*, *devant*, *essay*, *facile*, *fumadoes*, *legiertie*, *lieu* and *parlieu*, *monsieur*, *moscardini*, *parlee*, *parley*, *peccadillo*, *poltron*, *puissant*, *rendezvous*, *semblances*, *umbre*—and others not so remarkable for themselves as for their easy and casual use, indicating better than any argument the writer's intimate acquaintance with the language and literature of France, Spain, and Italy. Or, let our text be *Antitheta*, we find throughout these books the contrasts between birds (such as Mrs. Cowden Clark produced as characteristic of *Shakespeare*)—cock lark, dove raven, eagle owl, nightingale crow, &c.; and equally of eagle soaring, serpent grovelling in the dust; or of wolf sheep, dog fox, hound deer, beast man, man angel, angel devil, man God, giant dwarf, hill vale, river sea, sun moon, day night, darkness light, black white, of heaven and earth, high low, hot cold, smoke fire, fair foul, red white, black white, clouds sunshine, seed fruit, flower fruit, sowing reaping—and all the contraries of good and evil.

All the *habitual* words and expressions, whether new or old, which have been found to characterise the style of Bacon, abound in the group of works under discussion. Readers will find it easy to verify

this statement by a collation of almost any part of them with such articles in *BACONIANA* as that published in the first (American) number, on Francis Bacon's Style (*BACONIANA*, May and October, 1892); or with those on "Tacitus" (February and May, 1894); and so with regard to the double epithets, idioms, iterated words, legal terms and phrases, parantheses, peculiar construction, and grammatical "errors" (often, however, used with excellent effect), where parts of speech are apparently confused; persons and numbers mixed, and not always agreeing; vague use of relative pronouns; nouns converted into verbs—to malice, to affection, to apt, to captive, to ripe, &c.—with many other points which have been made much of in regard to the "style" of *Shakespeare*.

Even the antitheta, the sophisms, the paradoxes and quibbles, or ambiguities of speech, some of which Bacon noted as deficient, all of which are characteristic of his own writings, are to be found in these very dissimilar books, most in *Arcadia*, least in *Holy Living and Dying*—as must be expected; because not only that work, if by Bacon, must have been the product (as it stands) of his later years, but also because he held that "it is good to vary and suit speeches to the occasion; and . . . especially in *jesting, of religion, weighty and important business, poverty, or anything deserving pity.*"

Hence in *Arcadia* we can hardly glance down a page without some quibbling fancy, such as: "Flowers we *light on* we take no *delight in*"; "Stone, whose *temper hard* doth show my *tempered heart*"; the "*wight* who vexes not his *wits*"; "our *mind* with too much *minding* spilt"; "The one would wink with one *eye*, the other cast *daisies* (day's eyes) at me"; "In *earthly clothes enclosed*"; as much *discomforted* as *discomfited*: *human inhumanitie*; dissuaded with *persuading*, &c.

"Ben Jonson," though in a less degree, has the same tendency to quibbling: "He took *horse* . . . *Horson* scanderbag-rogue"; "I ha' no *boots*. It is no boot to follow him"; "*Rasher Bacon, Roger Bacon*"; "The air will do you harm. The *air*, she has me in the *wind*."

In the *Anatomy* the quibbles of former books seem sometimes to be refined into figurative sentences, as, for instance, the quibble in 2 *Hen. IV.* iv. 4:—

“ Shall double *gild* his treble *guilt*,”

seems to appear less pithily put in *Arcadia* (ii. 174): “ *Guiltiness* is not always with ease oppressed. As for Chremes, he withdrew himself, *gilding* his wicked conceits with hopes of gain.”

In the *Lover's Complaint* we read of “ *deceits gilded* ”—that is, *the guilt gilded*; and in other places of “ *gilding over error*,” again *gilding guilt*.

In the *Anatomy* we find the same ideas expanded in a long passage, exposing the “ bombast epithets, glozing titles, false eulogiums,” of parasites and flatterers, which “ so bedaud and applaud and *gild over* many a silly undeserving man, that they clap him quite out of his wits.

In *Holy Living and Dying* there seem to be only two or three quibbles, but the quaintnesses which almost always involve ambiguous expression are frequent, as where, in speaking of “ a hope that is easie and credulous ” as “ *an arm of flesh, an ill supporter without a bone* ”—surely not the interpretation put upon this expression by any less imaginative author.

Antitheta are abundant everywhere; those antitheta or *contrarieties* which Bacon found to be so deficient, and of which in his youth he made a collection. We have not space for these, nor can we even touch upon the inexhaustible mass similitudes, excepting to say that there is nothing of the kind in these works which is not also in *Shakespeare*, and that there seems to be but little in *Shakespeare* of which the embryo cannot be found in the *Arcadia*.

Now, if it be true (and readers may test for themselves) that all the points of style indicated by critics as *Baconian* are to be found in all these examined works, what are we to think? Are we to say, with Bacon, that style is not in the words and phraseology, but in the subject matter? We have already tried a few miscellaneous comparisons; let us, on a future occasion, bring to the test Bacon's great thoughts—those ideas, or notions, which Dr. Rawley declared to have accompanied him through life; to have been derived *not from books*, but, as it were, by a beam from heaven.

It will oblige the editors if readers will convey some expression of

their wishes, either to continue the present examination after the June number of BACONIANA, or to proceed to another group of works.

THE BARNFIELD CIPHER.

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WHAT was the Barnfield Cipher? In the catalogue of the Ashmolean manuscripts, on page 1,019, I find a reference to the cipher of Richard Barnfield, the author of "The Lady *Pecunia*, or the Praise of Money," printed in 1605. The number of this particular collection is 1,153, and the sub-number is 12. In addition to the manuscript of the edition of 1605, there is another paper which contains a phrase in English and Dutch, and six proverbs in English and Spanish; also a copy of the Dutch and Spanish text in Barnfield's cipher. The phrase is "Good morrow, sir." The six proverbs are: "Four eyes see more than two." "In a closed up mouth, a fly cannot enter." "Whoever dallies with his enemy, dies by his own hand." "He that eats and leaves, covers his table twice." "It is a great savouriness to dine and not to pay the reckoning." "Covetousness breaketh the bag."

These manuscripts were exhibited and explained to the Ashmolean Society, on February 25, 1839, by the compiler, who has inscribed on one of the fly leaves at the end of this volume, "A key to Barnfield's ciphers."

A peculiar interest attaches to Richard Barnfield, and I think that it is quite important that students and examiners of the plays wrongly attributed to William Shaksper, should search diligently into Barnfield's literary history.

In 1605, when his book was published, he believed that Shaksper was the author of "Venus and Lucrece," giving him no praise or credit for any other production. He, of course, believed so, because Shaksper permitted a name very much like his, but not exactly his, to be used by the publisher. Again, the name of William Shakespeare was affixed to Barnfield's own production, and Shaksper has had credit

for Barnfield's poetry until the edition of 1605 as corrected and enlarged by Barnfield was discovered.

Richard Barnfield was born at the Manor House of Norbury, Staffordshire, in the year 1574, and died at Darleston in the same county, in the year 1627. He was of a good Staffordshire family, and became a member of Brasenose College, Oxford, in 1589.

Was the Lady Pecunia and its accompanying poems the only offspring of his invention? I doubt it. As he moved in the literary circle of the Areopagus Club, he must have written many more good things, some of which might throw light on the vexed question of the authorship of the plays.

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NOTICES.

To prevent disappointment, we desire to state that no more long articles, consisting chiefly of Parallel Passages, can be received for printing, before January, 1896.

Also that papers on Virgil, Juvenal, Anacreon, and others of the classical poets of antiquity, as well as articles on Montaigne, Quarles, George Herbert, Sir Thomas Browne, Sir Kenelm Digby, and Cowley, have been received, or are in an advanced state of completion.

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